

THE INLET

Words fail me. The ocean travelling stone
Returns turquoise; small animals twinkle in a haze
Of weed as this or that sequence
Of pod rattles with complete delicacy on the rotten vine.
I know what's slipping through my fingers.
In Hatteras the stones were oiled with mud.
The sunset leaked like steak blood,
Sank, and my companion weaved his fingers
Through my fingers. Wood's Hole,
Edgartown, the Vineyard in the rain,
The Vineyard not in the rain, the rain
Fuming like snow in Worcester, like gas in the coal
Country. Grass and goldenrod come to me,
Milkweed covers me over, and reed. But this riddle
Has no name: I saw a blind baby try
To fix its fists in tendrils
Of its mother's hair, and get air. The air burns,
The seaweed hisses in that cistern....

Waveside, beside Earth's edge,
Before the toward-death cartwheel of the sun,
I dreamed I was afraid and through the din
Of birds, the din, the hurricane of splitting sedge
Came to the danger lull.
The flooding white weeds, all waves' white
Scalps dissolve in the obliterating light.
And only I, Shadrach, come back alive and well.

139 East 53rd Street, Apt. 2b
New York, New York
September 8, 1965

Madeline Tracy Brigden
Fiction Editor
MADEMOISELLE Magazine
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Mrs. Brigden:

I am writing in follow-up to a recent conversation I held with a member of your staff; I suggested exchanging some of the poems you bought two years ago for newer ones. I am still pleased with "Witness to the World" but I would be alarmed at seeing "Life Is a Nice Place" and "Easter Poem" in print.

You still have the manuscript I submitted for the contest. Maybe you could choose from among those. At any rate, I have a good deal of new material that could be submitted. I'm enclosing one fairly new piece.

Thank you so much for everything you have done for me. I hope that you are at last feeling yourself.

Cordially,

Louise Glück

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